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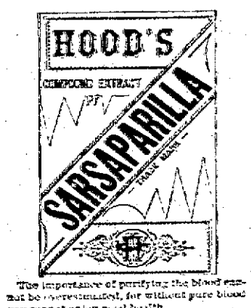

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A SAFE DEPOSIT

By REV. E. EVERETT HALE, D. D.

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CHAPTER I.

Antony Blake left the office of Rumrill & Co. a good deal disappointed. He was himself a shrewd and intelligent fellow. He had secured the patents on his new invention, and was ready to proceed with the manufacture. He had carried the papers, the drawings, his model machine to Rumrill & Co., and they had them in consideration. They now offered him $100 for the whole thing if he would turn it all over to them. He had proposed one and another scheme by which he should go into business as a partner with them. Those had been referred by the inventors partner were Mr. Jenkins (which is the name who was an imaginary person created for the purpose of saying no when the managing partner was subpœnaed). Practically all these schemes had been refused, and Antony was now to take the $100 or nothing.

This was not his first experience in such business. He knew by this time that the people who bring things before the public, be they inventions or be they books or be they ideas, generally expect to be well paid for doing so, and he knew that the system of co-operation, which people are hoping for and praying for, was by no means yet established. With some bitterness of feeling, it must be confessed, though he was a good natured fellow enough, he walked down the street of Tamworth considering whether he would take the $100 and be done with it, or whether he would go to Pittsburg and see if there were better chances there.

Antony Blake did not believe in debt, and he knew how to live on a very little money, but for all that he had very little money in store, and he certainly did not have the $1,000 which would be necessary for him if he were to equip a little machine shop of his own and make his own automatic car coupler. But, as it happened, he was a person well esteemed in the whole community of Tamworth, as he deserved to be.

I should like to know, however, how much of that esteem he owed to one queer circumstance. While he had to rent in life with absolutely no property it happened that he did hold as trustee for his mother some bonds which he considered worth—seeing the second issue of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas railroad. These bonds had long since been taken off all the stock in own to brokers, and it was only since any coupons had been paid. Still the Cattaraugus and Opelousas existed, and there were sanguine people, among whom his mother was one, who supposed that at some time payment would be resumed. Antony, being her trustee, had to keep these bonds somewhere, and he had been notified by legal advisers that he must keep them in one of the security vaults which are now established in all the considerable cities. He had put them in the safe at the Amicable of Tamworth, as I at the Amicable you have the facilities of a charming reading room, where are all the new magazines, where you can wash your hands if you need, you can make an appointment with a friend, you can write a note on the Amicable's paper.

These facilities are thrown open to you because you have hired, perhaps for only $10 a year, a safe in that bank. Antony had found that here was by far the best safe-room in Tamworth. In that city they have what is known as the "Strangers' Rest" well developed; you can go in and pay ten cents an hour for all the comforts of a club room, and then go out again. But Antony found that, in the long run, $10 a year was cheaper for him than the Strangers' Rest at ten cents an hour, and what I should like to know is whether his standing in that community had not materially risen since the old dons and widows and railroad trustees and other such persons who had their safes there found that he was one of the habitues of the reading room of the Amicable.

He suspected himself that it gave him these advantages, and he was careful not to presume on them. He took care not to sit there writing letters in times when a business man would be at his counting room; he only looked in there at the hours when the most prominent of the doves were there, he took care not to appear to regard it as the only loafing place which he had. In proportion as he was cautious in these regards the dons began to respect him as one of themselves, that is to say, as a person who did not have to work very hard for his money, and who had in the chamber adjacent the secrets by which a quarterly revenue comes to the initiated without much cracking of their finger nails or grinding of their teeth.

On this particular morning Antony was obliged to break his rule. It was just the hour when he should not ordinarily have gone to the Amicable. It was sudden indeed that he had any occasion to look at his mother's bonds in his safe, for they were as worthless as one month as they were another. But to preserve the respectabilities of the place it had been his habit to have his safe opened for him once a quarter—about the 1st of May, August and the corresponding quarters—which he observed to be "coupon quarters" for some very distinguished dons.

He would retire into one of the little cells provided for the occasion, open his box and then carry it back that it might be deposited in his safe again. The last time that he had done this Antony had placed two fifty dollar bills in his little tin box to guard himself from spending them. He knew that he should have enough money for his current expenses besides, and he had not cared to make a permanent investment of this sum. But if he were to go to Pittsburg he must have these two fifties in his pocket, and he walked down to the Amicable, gave the number of his safe and his box was given to him.

CHAPTER II.

It is possible that there are one or two of the humbler readers of this little story who are not acquainted with the careful machinery of a security safe company, and as the story hinges on that mechanism it may be well to explain it. You see you are to have the double combination, patent, absolute security that is given to the largest corporation in the world—as the Bank of England—and at the same time you who are as poor as Antony Blake was are to have your own little separate cell in which your own property is kept, and nobody else in the world may interfere with it. All this is arranged by a very ingenious system of policemen, attentive clerks, doorkeepers, gilt pickets of iron, iron floors below and above, so that fire cannot burn your securities nor water drown them, nor thieves break in nor rust corrupt them.

The most honorable and virtuous warders are selected by the most ingenious and highly approved competitive examinations. You present yourself at the gate and you are personally known to

He lifted the bonds out one after another.

You remember by mnemonic processes known to yourself what is the number of yours; the number of Antony's was 4,927. You meet in this passage a smiling, gentlemanly friend, who also calls you by name, expresses his hope that you are well, and tells you what the weather is. You also tell him. These are not passwords, but they are the civilities of the occasion. You then mention to him, in a whisper if you please, the number of your box. He affects to remember—does remember, perhaps—and with his key adjusts the lock of your catacomb. But please to observe he cannot open the catacomb, because he has not your key. Your key has been given to you long since when you hired your catacomb. You then open the catacomb with your key, which you cannot do till he has first turned his key in the lock. In the catacomb you find a long, narrow tin box, unless you should be a very great don. In that case you have a large catacomb and you have a large tin box. But Antony was a very little don, as the reader knows, and he had therefore a box long enough for any coupon bond, but not large enough to contain many.

He drew out his box, thanked the courteous attendant, passed warder No. 2 again, who saluted him if all was right, and then to the passage between Nos 1 and 2 selected a little room, like that in which you eat oysters in restaurants of some cities, when it is supposed that you are ashamed to eat oysters and wish to have a separate cell assigned for the purpose. You go into this cell, which you find lighted. There is a little table for you, with a pen and ink and blotting paper and a pair of large scissors. These pens are ordered that you may cut off the coupons from your bonds.

He saw with admiration that both the appurtenances which have been referred to are fulfilled. You are here as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was before Friday came. All your wealth is in your hands; you can do with it what you choose. A minute before this wealth was in a safe which nobody excepting you could open, and a minute hence it will be in that safe again.

On this occasion Antony Blake found some difficulty in opening his box. His key seemed to be out of order, but Antony, an ingenious person it happened that he had a little skeleton key with him, and with this he threw open the lock of the box. He saw in a moment that it was not his box. The securities in it were those of the C., K. and W., C. B. and Q., B., C. and D.—securities, many of them, absolutely "gilt edged" in the market of the moment. There were one or two United States bonds, and, in short, if a good fairy had touched his mother's bonds and changed them into bonds of the very best she could not have done better for him than had been done here.

Antony Blake was amazed and dazed. He lifted the bonds out one after another to see by what process of evolution the Cattaraugus and Opelousas had been thus changed, and with a vague feeling that he should find his two fifty dollar notes at the bottom. The fifty dollar notes were not there, but there was a little parcel of five or six manuscript notes tied up with a white ribbon.

Antony had no disposition to get at other people's secrets, but he did want to know how these things came into his box, and he looked at their addresses, as he could do without opening them. Three were to Evelyn Haddam. Three were to Fergus Mackintyre. Antony had never heard of either of these people. The letters were numbered and the date of each was written on the envelope. Antony observed that the last two were written on the same day, May 29. "It is a romance, I think," said he, and he thought so because of the ribbon. But clearly the most curious thing in the romance was that the letters were in his box.

CHAPTER III.

If young Blake had gone at once to the head center of the wonderful combination of warders, guardians, clerks and assistants who made up the hierarchy of the Amicable this story would never have been written, and the reader would at this moment be seeking other occupation than that he has in hand. "Before a story can be told," says Mr. Anthony Trollope, "there must be a story to tell." All that follows on these pages sprang from Mr. Blake's aversion to take the head center into his confidence, or, indeed, any other of the guardians in the hierarchy.

In the first place, he knew none of them personally, though, as has been seen, they all knew him professionally. That is to say, it was the professional business of each of them to know Antony Blake by sight and to see that he always had the box in No. 4,927 when he wanted it and that no one else ever had it, and also that he never had any other box than his own. But all of them had been imported from New York to carry on the Amicable, which was a new enterprise in Tamworth, so that he had not made their acquaintance other than officially. In the second place, as occurred to him now for the first time, he should have gone to the head center before if he meant to go at all. He should have gone and told the story of his box and asked how it came to be in his safe. Then he should have gone to the Amicable's lawyer, and he should have gone to Pittsburg and to get the $100 which he needed for his journey. There was no money in the box, and of course Antony could not have taken it if there had been, seeing it was not his. "Greenbacks," says an eminent legal authority, "are the currency of thieves." But even had Antony been a thief he had no opportunity to steal.

There were the six letters tied up with the white ribbon. Antony did look at their addresses, as has been said.

But at the moment his only wish was that his despised Cattaraugus and Opelousas bonds were in his hands. He remembered, as he often had remembered before, the pathetic grief of Robinson Crusoe when the great current of the Orinoco was sweeping him to sea in his canoe. Then poor Robinson looked at his retreating island—the island which he had always called a prison—and wished that he might return to it, because it was home. So poor Antony, who had always despised the Cattaraugus and Opelousas, now wished that he had them in his hands. In point of fact, he put back the box into the cell from which he had taken it, and he went at once to his lawyer cousin. But the lawyer cousin was not in. Antony did not like to tell his queer story to a stranger; he therefore borrowed a hundred dollars from the lawyer cousin's clerk and went that night on the train to Pittsburg.

CHAPTER IV.

This is not one of those stories which torments the reader by refusing to tell him all that the writer knows.

Once for all, let the reader understand that the bonds and the letters which Antony Blake found in his box belonged to a very nice girl whose name was Edith Lane. How it happened that they were all in this box shall now be briefly told.

It was some six months before Antony Blake found them that Edith Lane's father called her into his own room. He then explained to her that she was so old that she must learn to take care of her own affairs.

"I do not mean," said he, "to turn over to you now the whole of your mother's property, but I do mean to turn over to you so much that you shall not have to come running to me and ask me what you may buy a sheeting and a paper of pins. I have placed in this envelope a number of bonds. I am going to show you how to cut off the coupons from these bonds. You will have to do this twice a year; you will then have to carry these coupons to the Waverly bank, where I have opened an account for you. When you want money you will write a check on the Waverly bank, and you will go for the money yourself or send for it. You can do as you please about keeping an account of these things. If I were you I would keep a little cash book, but I shall ask no questions. If you come to me at any time for money I shall then ask questions. But it is a great deal better that you shall learn to take care of your own affairs before I die."

Poor Edith was distressed and pained to hear her father talk of dying. She said as much. She said that she knew nothing about business, and she had a great deal rather go on as they were. But he was flint. He told her that his precise object was to teach her to draw a check and to keep a bank account, and to teach her something of her interest in the community, not to say her duties in the community. He had begun with thirty or forty thousand dollars of her fortune, which he had put into these bonds.

Edith was frightened, and said she did not know where she would keep the bonds, and she was afraid they might be stolen.

"That," said her father, "is the second thing that you are to be taught. You will not keep these bonds; I do not keep mine. I have brought these this morning from my own safe to give them to you. I have ordered the carriage, and I am now going to take you down to what is known as the Amicable Safe company. I am going to hire a little safe there in your name, and you will keep your bonds in that safe. When you want to cut off the coupons you will go down to the Amicable, you will have the safe opened, and you will cut off what you need."

This frightened Edith more than ever. She almost cried, but in her distress she referred to an old joke of the family borrowed from the "Georgia Sketches." It is the story of a young man whose father was urging him to marry, and said to him, "Where would you be if I had not married?" The young fellow replied between his sobs, "Yes, dad, but you married mother, and I shall have to be put out to a strange gal." Edith said she did not want to be put out to any Amicable Safe company or any Waverly bank. She wanted her father to take care of her money and to give her what she wanted to spend.

But he was perfectly firm. The carriage came to the door, and Edith had to go up to put on her hat and sacque and gloves to go down for her first lesson. What else was taught the reader already knows. She was taken through the gates, she was introduced to the attentive warder, and she had assigned to her one of the smallest safes, exactly such a safe as Antony Blake had, and as it happened the number was next to his, No. 4,928. The reader now has a partial notion of what mistake had occurred.

In point of fact, about a month before Antony Blake had met this disappointment it had been so ordered by those minor powers who, under orders, overrule this world, that he and Edith Lane went nearly at the same time to the Amicable. Antony had gone simply to show himself, that he might keep up the reputation which he had acquired on the day among dons. Edith had gone, on her second visit, to cut off some coupons which she had done successfully, and which she had carried to deposit at her bank. But it had so happened that when she brought back her little box to place it in her safe, Antony Blake was already in that corridor of the columbarium, and was opening his safe to put his box away. The lock made some little obstacle, and he had laid his box on the floor that he might have both hands in handling the key. Edith had to wait a moment for his operations to be finished, and, as it happened, she laid her box on the floor as she stood by him, in fact, if the reader is curious, putting on her glove at the same moment. Antony touched his hat to her, stooped, picked up the box and put it into his own safe, with out any thought that he had made a transfer. He passed out of the doors, saluted the wardens and was gone. Edith put the other box into her safe, and, as the reader sees, the change was completed without a thought from either party.

It was not till Antony Blake was well in Pittsburg, dealing with the various sons of Tubal Cain who make that city one of the richest and loveliest in the world, that Edith one day ordered the carriage, drove down to the Amicable, took out what she supposed to be her box, and found in it Antony's Cattaraugus and Opelousas bonds and his hundred dollars.

Of course Edith knew she had made a mistake, and she instantly supposed, as she usually did, that everything which was wrong was her own fault. This then, was the first result of her father's training her to business—that she had lost all her own property, and had stolen some other property or theft moreover for the girl knew nothing of the worth lessness of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas, and it was very easy for her to see that whereas she had left in her box only thirty or forty thousand dollars worth of bonds, she had under her hands two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of the second issue of that unfortunate road.

She did not do what Antony did, however. She took the whole parcel, hundred dollars and all, and put it into her little satchel. She put back the box into her safe, and as quickly as she could escape the eye of the warders, all of whom she thought looked on her with suspicion, as if she were a detected thief already, she rushed to her little coupe and bade William drive her directly home.

Her only thought was to tell her father all that had happened and to confess that she was a fool.

Of course this would have been the true thing for her to do, but there was unfortunately adelay. Her father was in Chicago for two days, and Satan had all that time to inspire her with other counsels. Now although Satan might have done his worst before he could make Edith Jane do anything wrong, it was easily in his power to make her do something very foolish. For, as Henry Kingsley well says, when the devil cannot achieve his purposes by sending a knave he does the same by a much easier process and sends a fool. For the more she brooded over the matter the more the poor girl persuaded herself that she had better not, at first, speak to her father. Besides the feeling that she was a fool and had made a horrible mistake there was a little side trouble which increased and increased as she thought of it till it at last became a giant Afrite, destroying all her peace. It was the recollection that she had put in her box the six letters which had been intrusted to her by her cousin Evelyn.

Now this Cousin Evelyn had had a horrible love passage with Fergus Mackintire. I have no right to call it disgraceful, though I am very glad that none of my readers was ever so compromised. It was a very bad business, and Evelyn had been pulled out of it only with great tact and difficulty. All the compromising letters had been brought together and should have been burned up. Instead of burning them Evelyn Haddam, when she heard Edith had a safe of her own, had begged her to take care of them, and at her second visit to the safe Edith had put these letters with her bonds. The reader knows what had become of them.

Now this was the only secret which our poor Edith had ever had from her father. She did not want to have these letters brought to light by any investigation which should be made. The poor child instantly fancied herself before a police court as a thief; she fancied the discovery of her box opened by a judge and these letters of Evelyn's and Fergus read aloud and printed in all the Sunday newspapers. She cried over it; she wrote a note to Evelyn which she destroyed; she wrote another note, which she destroyed also, and finally said to herself that she had rather lose all her own property which was in the safe than have any revelation made as to what was in the box. If she could only be sure that whoever had the bonds would burn those hateful letters it seemed to her that she should be perfectly happy.

In all this of course Edith Lane was quite wrong; but, as the reader will see, she was in a false position, which she had stumbled into really from no fault of her own.

Poor Antony Blake is the person who deserves the most consideration and sympathy from the reader. Antony Blake spent two or three days in Pittsburg. He was most hospitably received by old friends whom he had known at the Polytechnic institute. He saw all the marvels of gas distribution, of glass making, of iron sounding, and by Mr. Westinghouse's kindness he was taken through the wonderful machine works from which that exquisite apparatus is produced which preserves every year the lives of I dare not say how many thousand people in this world. He saw some of the Tubal Cains whom he had gone to see; he showed to them the plans of his machine, which were cordially commended. He had one and another suggestion made to him as to the ways for putting it upon the market. But it was clear to him, as it had been in Tamworth, that the destruction of the poor is their poverty, and that he was in no way to come to Grandon a few months before, and had opened an office and commenced the practice of his profession. He had made few friends outside of his profession, and had led a reserved and quiet life. Just three months ago Alma Dane, the popular young authoress, had come down to Grandon from her city home for a few weeks' rest from her literary labors. She had met Dr. Mark Cameron, and the mischief was done.

For the first time in her life Miss Dane had learned to love with all her heart—a love that surprised even herself by its intensity. Yet he had never spoken a word of love to her. They walked along down the road which led to the roomy white house where Miss Dane had secured board; and as they moved slowly onward, speaking upon indifferent topics, for something held them apart, all at once they came in sight of the hotel turnout—an open hack which was coming down the road from the opposite direction. Inside sat a woman, a lovely blonde beauty in a stylish traveling suit. At sight of Dr. Cameron she smiled and bowed mockingly.

Alma glanced into his face. It was as pale as death, and his lips were closely compressed. Not a word did he utter until they reached her gate; then, declining her invitation to enter, he bade her adieu and took his departure.

Alma went straight to her own room, and sat down to think it all over.

She loved him! she loved him! What was it that stood between them like a shadow? For surely if ever a man's eyes looked love into a woman's face his had spoken that night.

As she sat alone in the pale gray twilight there was a rap at her door. It opened, and she found herself face to face with a woman. A stranger—the same woman whom she had seen that evening in the hotel carriage. She bowed coldly.

"You have made a mistake," Alma began, I"—

The other woman checked her with a slight gesture.

"I have made no mistake," she remarked, in a firm voice. "You are Alma Dane, the writer, are you not?"

Alma bowed.

"I am Alma Dane," she responded.

"Just so. I saw you this evening with Mark Cameron. I thought perhaps you might like to know all. His past history should be known by the woman who cares for him. I did once—I was his betrothed wife!"

Alma fell back a little, grasping the back of a chair that stood near; otherwise she was calm—quite calm.

"You see, it was in New York," the slow, languid voice of the woman resumed, "she was in a position of trust while he prepared for his profession. One day something went wrong—a check was forged, and the crime was laid at Mark Cameron's door."

"He never did it!" panted Alma madly.

"He never did it!"

The other woman smiled exasperatingly.

"If did not have your blind faith in him—your world, I should consider my engagement between us and married a rich man. That was two years ago. Passing through this town we stopped to rest for a few days, and I saw you this evening, and that is all. You know the rest."

"Go!"

It was all that Alma could say.

The woman turned with a light laugh and swept from the room like a shadow.

Alma threw a white shawl around her shoulders and left the house. She wanted to get out into the open air and fight her battle alone. Not that she loved him less—she could never do that.

Down on the river road, an hour later, she found herself face to face with Mark Cameron. He took her in his arms and drew her close to his heart.

"I have seen that woman," he said calmly—"the woman whom I once fancied that I loved. She will trouble you no more, Alma. Dear love, the black shadow is gone from between us forever. After I left you I was called to the bedside of a man who had fallen from his horse and was brought into the hotel to die. Alma, I found in him the man who had married Miss Garth, the woman whom we met this evening. He died a half hour ago. Before he breathed his last he sent for a magistrate and had his last dear last ride together, I suppose, deposition taken, which exonerates me forever from that old haunting horror. He swore that to win Miss Garth he had committed the forgery and had thrown the blame upon me. Alma, dear, true love, there is no longer any shadow of sin between us. You love me—will you be my wife?"

Her head rests upon his heart; she whispers softly:

"I have always believed you—never once doubted you—but for your sake I thank God that the dark shadow is gone from your life forever."

Truly, human love that clings through good and ill report and remains faithful to the end is but a reflection of that divine sympathy that laid down its life for us all."—Fireside Companion.

LAYING HENS.

How and What to Feed for a Regular Supply of Eggs in Winter.

If you want your hens to lay give them food best calculated to furnish egg forming material and gently stimulate the material to furnish time for the shell and meat to make blood. Remember that there is a continual drain on the resources of the regular laying hen. In summer, on extended runs hens will almost or entirely find their own egg making materials. But in winter and in confinement these must be supplied, regularly. One simple rule with adult fowls is to give them as much food as they will eat eagerly and no more. When practicable make laying hens scratch and work for their food. Exercise conduces to prolificacy, while inordinately and overfeeding, while inordinately and overfeeding ingredients in too much fat to allow the production of a full quota of eggs. Food for laying fowls is one of the subjects considered in the poultry report of the experiment farm of Ontario, Canada. Following are some of the directions given:

In the cold weather of winter a warm meal in the morning is necessary to start and keep up a steady supply of eggs. A good plan is to throw all the waste of the kitchen in the shape of scraps, pieces of bread, uneaten vegetables, etc., into a pot, heat up in the morning till nearly boiling, and then mix bran, provender, shorts, or whatever is most abundant or cheap on the farm into a hot mess, dusting in a small quantity of red pepper before mixing. Let the mixture stand for a few minutes until the meal is nearly cooked, then feed in a clean trough, with laths over it, to keep the hens from jumping in and fouling or wasting the feed in their eager anxiety.

Feed only enough of this soft stuff to barely satisfy, never enough to gorge. When a hen has had so much food that she will go into a corner and mope she has had too much, and if the overfeeding is continued will soon cease to lay. The laying hens are the active ones. If food is given at noon it should be oats, and scattered among the litter on the floor. This meal should be light. The last feed in the afternoon should be generous. Each hen should be sent to roost with a full crop to carry her over the long night. Green food in the shape of vegetables usually grown on every farm will be relished by the layers.

Cabbages, turnips or carrots are generally the most convenient. Small potatoes boiled and mixed with provender or bran is a good change for the morning meal. Some of the above named vegetables should always be in the pens of the layers. Red clover hay, steamed, chopped and mixed with bran, and given while hot, is one of the healthiest foods for the morning meal. Meat in some shape must be given at least twice a week to furnish blood making material. Hens fed on meat lay well. If given no meat the hens will eat their eggs and pick feathers from one another.

As cold weather approaches provision must be made for keeping laying hens warm, especially at night. Hens will bear a great deal of cold in the sunshine, and will not stop laying if they can roost warm. The importance of warm quarters, with good ventilation, can hardly be overestimated. A very good arrangement for a hen house for winter suggested by one authority in such matters consists in making the ceiling of rails about six inches above the floor. These rails are covered with soft hay or coarse swamp hay of any kind. The roosts are placed about three feet high above the floor.

Every Home Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a physician always at hand, it kills rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, bruises and all aches and pains. Price 25 cents.

There are a few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them. Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 cents. Trial bottle free at Frank Foster's drug store.

—Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong druggist, Smethport. 26-49-1y

—Subscribe for the MINER.

Snow in an Ice House.

Last winter an experiment was made in South Jersey of filling ice houses with snow in the place of ice. A correspondent of Rural New Yorker promised to watch the operation and report results. "The experimenter," he writes, "is a bottler of mineral waters. I went to inquire about the matter, and the owner informed me that the snow had kept in perfect condition, and that the supply was good for July. He tells me that the snow has answered his purpose as well as ice could have done, and he has used nothing else for cooling his mineral waters."

Selecting Seed Corn.

In selecting seed corn be careful to reject grains the outside shell or pulp sac of which is broken, for the germinating power of such seed is impaired. Reject also all ill shapen kernels. Most farmers reject the tip and butt kernels, but it is pretty well demonstrated that this is no improvement. If the ears are quite fully developed and well filled out it is claimed, with considerable truth, that to discard the butt and tip grains has a tendency to shorten the ears. In high northern latitudes, however, where the dent varieties are mostly grown, the tip seeds are usually discarded because of an alleged tendency to degenerate into the flint variety.—American Agriculturist.

—A big line of clothing for men and boys at M. Rosenfeld's Main street.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Smethport, Pa., Oct 10 1890.

THE ENEMY CHARGES.

On the evening of the 4th of April last, Hon Lewis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, this county in the opera house in that city made serious charges against the character of Senator Quay, who was then seeking the Republican nomination for Governor, charging him with bribery in purchasing votes to secure a seat in the State Senate at the election of 1880. With perjury where he took the oath of office in swearing that he had not paid or contributed any money or offered a durable thing to procure his nomination or election and with forgery in the name of certain Senators and Representatives to a purported Committee of Conference report at the session of 1887 on a bill which never passed.

Senator Emery is very highly respected citizen of this county and there is no disguising the fact that he is strong with the people especially in the sections of the county where he is largely engaged in business and where he is best known. This fact was clearly demonstrated when he was the most unanimous vote in that part of the lower house of the Legislature in 1878 and for the Senate in 1880 against a popular competitor and again in 1886 by a majority in Senatorial. In 1886 he carried the county for Congress over Hon W W Jones by one of the strongest men in it and he would have a large majority against him if the contest had been settled up with the public as the fight. The main charge against Senator Quay is that he made a fight in Dauphin and helped to defeat him against what he knew to be a wrong.

No one who knows Mr Emery can say that in all his public or private for the past eight years he has ever made a charge which he could not prove. He charged

Mt Nean County Mirror

Smethport, Pa., Oct. 20, 1899.

AL AND GENERAL

Going

[illegible]

Oct 1 and next week

[illegible]

[illegible] Oct 20th

Mrs [illegible] of the Cherrington Settlement in Eldred Corners township

M A Spring & Son made a decided improvement in their store front

The attendance at court Monday was ample [illegible] did not a trifle

Huff and Glover mill at Port Allegany [illegible] 500 feet per day

The W R & N R depot becomes [illegible] the business of the day

Cook is now [illegible] about Wednesday [illegible]

A convention of the County Commissioners of Pennsylvania will be held at Williamsport, Nov 14

A large number of Smethport Republicans attended the Democratic meeting last night and last night

Cliff Tilton of Bradford, has been appointed gas-house inspector for McKean county for three years

The early migration of birds, together with other signs, indicates the weather will be unusually early and cold winter

Work on Frank Taylor's new house and addition has been commenced and Chase, of this place, has the contract

Our Daily readers will find the new advertisement of Messrs Stickney Bell & Co., which appears in another column, [illegible] reading

Mr Ellsworth Gardner has become associated in subscription circulating and [illegible] soliciting more ground to their editor's usual occasion

A number of Smethport boys have [illegible] and Council a stock company and purchased the yard of grapes from [illegible] Hong recently since

The opening chapters of a new story from the pen of Rev E Everett Hale [illegible] entitled "A Man [illegible] Christ" will be found on the first page of this issue

Owing to the absence of the Rev J W Chandler who was attending the Genesee Conference the services were [illegible] in the M E Church last Sabbath

A [illegible] written by Jay Gould [illegible] which was copied in a country [illegible] saying the newspaper [illegible] subject was [illegible] as the best [illegible]

One of the pleasant features [illegible] Thursday night's exhibition of the [illegible] was afforded the [illegible] of the Bijou music [illegible] last Friday evening

The Hall concert given by the Young Ladies Industrial Union at the residence of Mr John Baker on Saturday evening was largely attended and proved a very enjoyable affair

Crosby Post No 81 K O T M will give a social hop at Crosby Hall on Friday evening the 27th inst Numerous invitations are out and a good time is assured all who attend

The Smethport Fair is in full swing at Lumberville [illegible] Attendance is [illegible] Everything [illegible] the fair is said to be a success

The Smethport Knights of St John & Malta are arranging for a concert to be given in the opera house [illegible] Thursday evening the 26th inst

Any [illegible] of the McKean Mirror will confer a favor by [illegible] to call in at the office [illegible] Mirror [illegible] in other words [illegible] Journal [illegible]

W B Burdick is receiving the [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] Bradford & Eldred Railroad [illegible] Co [illegible] Mondays

Many well authenticated instances of the fading of flax fabrics during months [illegible] are on record and [illegible] such things [illegible] was demonstrated [illegible] recently, when the work [illegible] Emily Verity & Dorothy Bin [illegible] Bridge, of Port Allegany, N M Orr of Kane and W S Mattison of Sheffield

—Bran is rich in phosphates, but it is a food the hens do not like unless it is scalded. Never feed it to them in a raw condition, as it is liable to cause bowel disease. A mixture of equal parts of bran, corn meal and ground oats, scalded and allowed to to remain until the mess is cool, is the best grain food that can be fed.

—*The Daily Record* is the name of a five column paper which made its first appearance in Bradford on Saturday Sept 27th. It is a lively youth and for one of such tender age it kicks lustily and all against the head of the Republican ticket. It may live to the end of the next week of November, but will probably never be seen after that date

—H S Rogers, who for the past two years has ably edited the local page of the bright newsy McKean Mirror, has temporarily quit newspaper work and gone to studying law. Mr Rogers is a young man whose native talent will rise to [illegible] he may choose. We wish him all sorts of good luck in his new work — *Warren Breeze*

The early closing movement, spoken of last week seems destined to defeat by reason of the refusal of one man who will not agree to the compact. In towns where the matter of early closing has been given a practical test, it has fully demonstrated that there will be no loss in the amount of business done, and we can see no reason for thus flying into the face of the entire community

—As we predicted in our last issue, [illegible] was unanimously nominated for the Democratic [illegible] Tuesday night. Mr Billis is [illegible] for the boys high and dry and will [illegible] to be held at their quarters corner of Fulton and Water streets. Prof Billis Orchestra will furnish music for dancing and refreshments will be served each evening after 10 o'clock. The boys are determined to make this the grand hop of all their lives and we think they will succeed

—The Little Brown Jug Company under the management of Mr. Carl Brehm is booked for the opera house for Friday and Saturday, October 27 and 28. In an entire new version of that popular play. The prologue shows the mill and revolving water wheel with real water effects. The play is interspersed with songs, that are and imitations and is interesting in plot and [illegible] to fall of curtain the final shows a tableau vision of Mary among the angels.

—The United States furnish [illegible] over [illegible] envelopes to private business houses on which the printing was done free. The printers of the country ought to have done this work [illegible] charging from [illegible] to $2 per thousand for it. How long will the fetters [illegible] such a wrong to continue? Would any other line of trade remain quiet under such a [illegible]? And why should the government do a general printing business any more than a dry goods or grocery business? *Press and Dispatch*

The meeting of the P A [illegible] Wednesday evening was one of unusual interest. After the routine business had been disposed of and the attendance [illegible] the most enjoyable [illegible] Those present [illegible] pronounced the [illegible] Dr [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Dr [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] was

THE BEST

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IN SMETHPORT

FRESH MEAT,

HAM, SAUSAGES,

Corned Beef, Corned Lard, Chickens, &c. &c

ALSO

VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON

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AND FRUITS OF

CANNED GOODS

AT THE HIGHEST price paid to

H. B. WILLIAMS & SON

Smethport, Pa.

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Sparkling Beverage.

—NON-INTOXICATING.—

MASON'S ENGLISH BEER EXTRACTS.

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CHEAP. WHOLESOME AND REFRESHING.

Botanic Root, Ginger Ale, Hops, Sarsaparilla, Dandelion.

Only 35 cts. Makes 6 Gals.

For sale by your grocer. If he cannot supply you, send 35 cts. in postage stamps to address given below and we will send you a pound can, postpaid.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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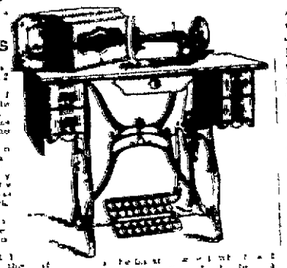

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Every full Sewing Machine is given a guarantee for ten years by the Company. Operating specimens and $5 deferred payments will be sent to any address on receipt of Price in full. One Machine only will be sold at this rate to one person. Cash must accompany each order. Machines different from portable to pedestal can be had at proportionate prices.

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FEEDING PIGS OF DIFFERENT BREEDS.

Average Gains Made by Duroc-Jerseys, Berkshires and Poland-China Pigs.

In 1889-90 an experiment in feeding pigs of different breeds was conducted at the Michigan experiment station with a view to ascertain what evidence might be given as to the comparative value of some of our breeds of swine for pork production. The breeds represented were the Duroc Jersey, the Berkshire and the Poland China. Each of these breeds was represented by three animals, all farrowed in July, 1889, and fed in the same manner.

The feed was given in such a way as to keep the animals in a thrifty growing condition, but not to fatten them. The grain was ground and mixed in the proportion of four parts corn meal, two parts bran and one part linseed meal, forming the ration which was fed from the first of October to the first of December. The pigs were then put on full feed, receiving all the grain they would eat up clean, and were fed in this manner until the close of the experiment, July 8, 1890, and the results are given below.

The feed was given in troughs, and the pigs were allowed to run in a yard together during the time they were receiving a limited amount of feed. They were weighed at the beginning of the experiment, and every fourteen days thereafter, fasting, during the period of the experiment. Each lot was fed separately, and the amount of feed given to each lot was carefully weighed and recorded. The grain was ground every fourteen days during the experiment and the results were carefully recorded with the feed for the period.

The Duroc Jerseys gained in weight from the beginning. Though apparently in the best of health they were slow feeders, and at times refused grain and were off their feed. At the time of slaughtering, twelve full grain rations were fed. The average grain was fed 23 lbs. per day, or 276 lbs. per period of twelve days, or 2 53 lbs. per 100 lbs. of live weight. The average gain made by the Duroc Jerseys was 29 43 lbs. per period of twelve days, or 2 45 lbs. per day, and the cost of the feed for each pound of gain was 3 cents.

The Berkshires gained in weight from the beginning. Though apparently in the best of health they were slow feeders, and at times refused grain and were off their feed. At the time of slaughtering, twelve full grain rations were fed. The average grain was fed 23 lbs. per day, or 276 lbs. per period of twelve days, or 2 53 lbs. per 100 lbs. of live weight. The average gain made by the Berkshires was 29 43 lbs. per period of twelve days, or 2 45 lbs. per day, and the cost of the feed for each pound of gain was 3 cents.

The Poland Chinas were fed in the same manner as the Berkshires and Jerseys. The average gain per period made by the Poland Chinas was 30 91 lbs. per period of twelve days, or 2 57